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EDITED BY

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THE MUSE.

THE VICTIM.

"Hand me the bowl, ye jovial band,"  
He said—"twill rouse my mirth;"  
But conscience seized his trembling hand  
And dashed the cup to earth.  
He looked around, he blushed, he laughed,  
In it he read—who drinks this draught,  
Shall dig a murderer's grave.  
He started up like one from sleep  
And trembled for his life:  
He gazed and saw—his children weep.  
He saw his weeping wife.  
In his deep dream he had not felt  
Their agonies and fears;  
But now he saw them as they knelt  
To plead their prayers and tears.  
But the foul fiend her hateful spell  
Threw o'er his withered mind,  
He saw in every hope a bill,  
He was to reason blind.  
He grasped the bowl to seek relief;  
No more his conscience said:  
His bosom friend was sunk in grief,  
His children begged for bread.  
Through haunts of horror and of strife,  
He passed down life's dark tide,  
He cursed his beggar babes and wife;  
He cursed his God—and died.

From the Spirit of the Times.  
NEW LULLABIES FOR OLD NURSES.

Hey! diddle, diddle!  
The Bank and the Biddle;  
Nothing's left in the dish but the spoon!  
All the silver of late  
Has been changed into plate!  
And the gold shines away in the moon!

Knickery, knickery, knock!  
Let cotton save the stock!  
The master-stroke,  
The Bank is broke!  
Knickery, knickery, knock!

There was an old banker who lived in a stew!  
He'd so many stockholders he didn't know what  
to do;  
He kept them awhile, with his promises fed,  
Then kicked them all soundly and sent them to  
bed.

Sing a song o' sixpence,  
A pocket full of lies,  
And five and twenty millions,  
All scattered to the skies!  
When the Bank was opened,  
There was nothing in to show!  
Wasn't that a pretty thing,  
For "Copperthwaite and Co!"

MODESTY.

There is perhaps no grace pertaining to  
the female character, so striking, and so pec-  
uliar as that of modesty. It may be said to  
be the great contrasting feature by which all  
the other beauties of woman are exposed.—  
It is the grand mirror thro' which all her at-  
tractive charms are reflected; it is the polish-  
er—the brush, which imparts the shades of  
color, the tints of beauty—which combines  
delicacy with form, sweetness with manners,  
attraction with appearance, and loveliness  
with mildness.

It possesses some properties peculiar only  
to itself; or at least it imparts such properties  
to its possessor.

Modesty, what is it? It is a curious thing  
—too much so for description. How shall  
we describe it, what nought resembles else  
my eye hath seen! The mind is at a loss  
for a simile; it looks in vain. It goes out,  
ruminates and returns in weariness and dis-  
appointment, and if not disappointed it re-  
turns with nothing better than the uncouth;  
sen hatched ignis fatuus as a semblance.—  
This indeed is the nearest, yet very distant  
representative of that most lovely of the  
feminine graces. Strange it is that this oc-  
casional fright, off-spring of fatal bog lantern  
of the devil, should nearest represent the  
most sweet, winning and attractive feature  
of the fair sex.

Yet it possesses that, in which consists all  
the charms of modesty—it retreats when ap-  
proached. Modesty seems to be the only  
part of her original nature, which retains its  
primitive strength and vigor, the part un-  
fallen on this side the fall. It is the image fair  
which gives effect to cupid's swift winged  
arrows—it is the viewless, nameless essence  
which impregates, and fills the cup of love  
with sweets, and imparts to it all its frag-  
rance. It is that which binds the heart of  
man to woman and keeps it bound. But  
when modesty ceases to become a part of the  
female character, man ceases to discover in  
it any beauty to admire or any loveliness to  
love.—Poughkeepsie Tel.

A man has been sentenced to  
ninety years imprisonment, in Mis-  
souri, for the crime of robbery, with  
intent to murder.

FIRST LOVE.

"For big  
This young heart beat with its first wild passion,  
That pure feeling life only once may know."  
"Why are you so sad Madelon?"  
"Said No, I am not sad. What cause  
have I for sadness?"

"You left the dance suddenly, and the  
company are inquiring for you."  
"I will return with you. I did not feel well  
—the heat of the room caused me to retire,  
but I will return with you to the company."

The speakers were too young girls, one of  
whom was just upon the verge of woman-  
hood, a fair and graceful being, with a heart  
susceptible of the tenderest emotions. That  
heart had on that night been first awakened  
to love. In the gay companions of the dance  
Madelon had looked with admiration upon a  
fair young man, and he, enchanted by the  
pells which her beauty threw around, whis-  
pered sweet words in her fascinated ear, till  
overpowered by the new delight, she had re-  
solved to reflect upon it, and to endeavor to re-  
gain composure.

She left the yet glad dance.  
O'er those gentle thoughts to brood,  
That haunt a girl's first hour  
Of love-touching solitude:  
Music's sweet and distant sound  
Came floating on the air  
From the banquet-room, it told  
Of the joyful dancers there,  
But she—the loveliest one—  
Had left the festive scene,  
To dream on what might be;  
To muse on what had been:  
To think on love's soft words  
Her ear had drank that night,  
While her heart beat echo-like,  
And her cheek burnt ruby bright.

She had remained apart from the dancers,  
and alone for nearly an hour, when her ab-  
sence was noticed, and her sister Genevieve  
was sent in quest of her, when the enrapt one  
was found seated at the easement of her  
chamber, looking out upon the starry sky, so  
clearly, deeply, beautifully blue, in entranced  
delight, when the conversation occurred as  
above described.

Madelon returned with her sister to the  
saloon, and again was Ferdinand St. Marc  
at her side, and again was the incense of the  
heart's affection offered at her beauty's shrine.  
The lover proffered in his rapture, heart, for-  
tune, soul; and the ingenious girl, pleased  
with the devotion of her lover, accepted the  
overtures, and with a look told him that he  
was beloved.

There is something inexpressibly beautiful  
in the first awakening of love in a generous  
heart; the feeling by which that heart is per-  
vaded, partakes of the celestial character, it  
is for the time elevated above humanity, it  
reposes in a heaven of its own creation, and  
all its thoughts are pure and virtuous and  
holy; there is no selfishness in first love, it  
cares not for itself, its regard is for the object  
beloved, it believes that it will be gifted with  
superior happiness to what is found in the  
world, it sets for itself tasks the most gen-  
erous and good, looks forward to bliss—pure,  
celestial, heavenly bliss—assured of its  
power to make the world a paradise, and it  
sells the object beloved, the presiding spirit  
therein. Such is first love—beautiful first  
love!—when the heart is warm and young,  
all young and innocence, and virtue. Oh!  
that we could keep the heart in this purity and  
innocence, to make this world the very heav-  
en it is pictured there.

But we are heirs to the infirmities of hu-  
manity, and our sorrows tread upon the heels  
of our joys. We make virtuous resolutions,  
and find how vain is human resolution; we  
see the way and know the road to happiness,  
but our passions, fearful ministers, draw us  
away, and with every wish and desire to pro-  
gress in virtue and peace and bliss, we turn  
away and fall into wretchedness and dispair.  
And Madelon, on the first awakening of  
love's delightful dream, was happy—none so  
blest as she. Generous and good as was her  
own nature, she did not entertain a thought  
of the unworthiness of others, and she gave  
up her whole, good and innocent heart to one  
to whom female conquests were familiar, and  
who courted her only for the sake of adding to  
his triumphs.

Ferdinand St. Marc became a frequent  
visitor at the house of Madelon's parents,  
and as each day seemed to bring out fresh  
traits of merit in his character, so each day  
did the affection of Madelon increase. And  
she at length loved him with a woman's wild  
idolatry, with that deep deathless passion,  
"life only once may know." For the time  
Madelon lived in a world of bliss; she beheld  
him whom she adored, him whom all others  
in the world she most regarded, him whose  
presence gave peace and joy and happi-  
ness to her young heart, and in whose ab-  
sence her life was a blank, constantly near  
her; and while passion glanced from his large  
black eyes, the words of eternal love came,  
like sweet music, from his lips, to the ears  
of the gentle maid.

But as the bright summer time passed  
away, so passed the love of Ferdinand St.  
Marc; the leaves and the flowers decayed,  
and with them perished the affections of him  
who had ensnared the heart of Madelon.—  
The young and fragile thing was left alone  
to sorrow, and her tears. "A woman can  
but weep," Ferdinand was a gay thought-  
less fellow, a spend-thrift and gambler; his  
disposition was good, but his passions mas-  
tered him; he constantly made resolutions,  
and as frequently broken them.

When he first beheld Madelon, he thought  
it possible that he could love her, and remain  
attached to her alone, for ever. But the nov-  
elty of the attachment being gone, the heart  
of the lover took wing; and at length the dis-  
covery was made by Madelon that he was  
offering his addresses to another.

The discovery came like a thunderbolt upon  
the heart of Madelon; in the full tide of  
her happiness she was dashed down to utter  
misery; from the bliss of knowing that she  
was beloved, she fell to the wretchedness  
and despair of desertion by the one beloved.  
Who can paint the bitter wasting agony the  
young heart feels, when having been lured to  
the highest pinnacle of bliss, it is rudely cast  
into dust? We talk of breaking hearts, but  
hearts do not suddenly break; ages of pain,  
withering pain, roll o'er the victim's head.

ere the heart strings yield: years of misery  
are experienced in a day; the day, thoughts  
are troubled and the dreams of the night are  
fraught with horrid fancies. There are no  
words to tell this misery of the heart—of the  
heart of poor, weak, fragile woman;—wo-  
man, tenderest of earth's creatures, created  
for the gentlest offices of life,—for joy, and  
peace, and happiness. Woman endures this  
wretchedness, and the world passes her by,  
careless and heedless of her sufferings, which  
she hides while the power of concealment  
lasts; torturing herself to avoid the anar of  
the unfeeling, until the last hour of suffering  
comes, and the heart breaks, and the gentle  
victim lies at peace, under the green turf,  
with the myriad dead.

And poor Madelon was deserted. They  
tried to comfort her. But what consolation  
could the kind voices of others afford? There  
was one who could have restored her to her-  
self again, but he was far away, and all other  
voices failed to bring a smile upon her white  
cheek. Days, weeks, passed on, and Ma-  
delon grew weaker and paler every day;  
friends gathered round her, and every arti-  
fice was tried to recover her, but in vain;  
the bolt had struck deep into her heart, and it  
seemed that she would awake to happiness  
again only where "the hearts of all are known  
and faithful love is blest."

And they said Madelon was dying. The  
spring time had come again, and birds sang  
sweet melodies in the jessamine boughs un-  
der her chamber window, and the incense of  
sweet flowers whose breeze-wafted into the  
room, and the sunlight conspired to make  
all glad, save Madelon. Nor birds, nor  
flowers, nor sunlight revived her drooping  
heart, and many tears were shed for Ma-  
delon, but she was composed and resigned.  
She felt that there was one living being in  
the world who could save her from an early  
grave, but she knew that she would never  
see him again; one word might restore her,  
but that word could not be spoken, and she  
was resigned to her fate.

It was a bright and beautiful morning when  
Madelon sat in the midst of her family, calm  
ly awaiting the hour of dissolution; when  
she was observed to start wildly, and her fa-  
ther in alarm rushed towards her; but she  
made a sign for him to be silent, and bent  
her head forward, as if eagerly listening.—  
But nothing was heard save the sighing of  
the morning breeze through the tendrils of  
the jessamine, which overhung the chamber  
window, and Madelon passed her hand in  
disappointment over her brow and resumed  
her previous attitude. "It was a wild and  
silly fancy, father she exclaimed, I was fool-  
ish to entertain the thought for a moment."

A pause ensued. It was broken by a  
voice, heard by all present inquiring for  
Madelon's father. The dying girl scream-  
ed with delight, and rushing towards the  
window, fell fainting before she could reach  
it.

It was Ferdinand's voice! The father  
proceeded to meet him. He had awakened  
to a sense of his error, and his heart re-  
verted to the gentle Madelon, he had come to  
supplicate forgiveness, and ask her to be-  
come his bride. The father of Madelon  
joyfully welcomed the penitent, and instantly  
accompanied him to Madelon's chamber.—  
But, alas! there she lay upon the ground pale  
and to all appearance, lifeless; while every  
effort exerted is made to effect her recovery.  
Those exertions were not made in vain.  
The maiden opened her clear black eyes,  
and glanced inquiringly at all those who  
stood around her. Ferdinand had been pur-  
posely kept back. "Twas but a dream,  
then!" she murmured, "Too happy for real-  
ity!"

"Say it was not a dream dear Madelon,"  
returned her sister, tenderly.

"Do not—do not deceive me," cried the  
girl, catching eagerly at her sister's words,  
"do not deceive me—is it I!—keep me no  
longer in suspense—am I to live or die?"

"Madelon!"  
"Ah!" shrieked the maiden, "tis no delu-  
sion: it is his voice!—he is here!"

"Madelon, dearest Madelon!" exclaimed  
the lover.

The next moment Madelon was locked in  
Ferdinand's arms.

And ere the bright summer ended, a gay  
marriage procession was beheld approaching  
the little village church, and Madelon restor-  
ed to health and happiness, became the  
bride of her hearts first and only love.

THE AMERICAN MECHANIC.

Whatever may be the "pomp, glory, cir-  
cumstance" of great men of the world, what-  
ever may be the dazzling pageantry of high  
life; the glitter of fashionable society, and  
splendid misery of those who believe that  
"those who think must govern those that toil";  
there is no situation more enviable than that  
of the plain American mechanic. Free for  
every thing for which heaven designed him,  
untrammelled in his opinion, and left to the  
guidance of his own genius, he walks erect in  
the full stature of man. Earning, with his  
own hands, the means by which he supports  
himself, protected by a Government which,  
like the sun, sheds its light—its fostering  
care upon all; who shall gainway his right to  
enjoy the fruits of his labor in the way which  
best may please him? Under our govern-  
ment, prudence, industry, and economy are  
sure to meet with their reward; and it should  
be remembered by every mechanic the road  
to preferment and official dignity is open to  
every one. All that the people want in those  
that serve them is fidelity and patriotism;  
truth to the Constitution; and intelligence  
enough to perform their duty. How much,  
then it behooves the American mechanic to  
make himself worthy of the highest honor the  
people can confer. It is the duty of every  
American mechanic to render himself com-  
petent to act on occasions as becomes an  
American citizen. Intelligence, education,  
and study are in the reach of every human  
being.

A CENTENARY.—The Centerville Md.  
Times says that a free colored man named  
Pompy Carpenter, died in the upper part of  
Caroline county, on the 18th ult., aged 106  
years, leaving 13 children, 57 grand children  
68 great grand children, and 8 great great  
grand children—total 146 descendants.

RELIGION.

"We pity the man who has no religion in  
his heart—no high and irresistible yearning  
after a better and holier existence—who is  
content with the sensualities and grossness  
of earth—whose spirit never revolts at the  
darkness of its prison house, nor exults at  
the thought of its final emancipation. We  
pity him because he affords no evidence of  
his high origin, no manifestation of that intel-  
lectual prerogative which renders him the  
delegated lord of the visible creation. He  
can rank no higher than animal nature—the  
spiritual could never stoop so low. To seek  
for beastly excitements—to minister with  
a bountiful hand to depraved and strong  
attributes of the animal alone. To limit our  
hopes and aspirations to this life, and to this  
world, is like remaining forever in the place  
of our birth without ever lifting the veil of  
the visible horizon which bent over our infancy.

There is religion in every thing around us;  
calm and holy religion in the unbreathing  
things of nature, which man would do well  
to imitate. It is a meek and blessed influ-  
ence stealing, as it were upon the heart. It  
comes quietly and without excitement. It  
has no terror—no gloom if it approaches.—  
It does not rouse up the passions; it is un-  
trammelled by the creeds and unshadowed  
by the superstitions of men. It is from the  
hands of the Author and glowing from the  
immediate presence of the great spirit which  
pervades and quickens it. It is written on  
the arches of the sky. It looks from every star.  
It is on the sailing clouds and in the invisible  
wind. It is among the hills and valleys of  
the earth—where the shrubless mountain  
pierces the thin atmosphere of the eternal  
winter—or where the mighty forest fluctuates  
before the strong wind, with its dark waves  
of green foliage. It is spread out like a  
legible language upon the broad face of the  
unsleeping ocean. It is the poetry of na-  
ture. It is that which lifts the spirit within  
us, until it is tall enough to overlook the  
shadows of our place of probation—which  
breaks, link after link, the chains which bind  
us to materiality, and opens to our imagina-  
tion a world of spiritual beauty and holiness."

SILK CULTURE.—IMPOR-  
TANT DISCOVERY.—THE  
MUSCARDINE IN AMERI-  
CA.

Probably the most important in-  
formation it has ever fallen to the lot  
of the writer of this to communicate  
to the public, on the subject of silk  
culture in this country, will be found  
in the present article. It has long  
been known to every one who has  
read much on the subject of the silk  
culture, that, by the ravages of a dis-  
ease called *Muscardine* in Europe, the  
average loss of worms taking  
one year with another, amounts  
to forty-five per cent, of all the  
worms hatched; and, what was still  
worse, the disease generally made  
its appearance after the greater por-  
tion of the expense of the rearing  
had been incurred. The evil has  
continued, from time beyond the  
reach of history, to within a year or  
two past. In the United States ex-  
empt from this fatal disease, it hav-  
ing been generally supposed not to  
exist here at all. This was a fatal  
delusion. I have just received from  
France a copy of the 'Annales de la  
Societe Sericicole fondee en 1837,  
pour la propagation et l'amelioration  
de l'industrie de la soie en France,'  
for 1837, 1838, and 1839, in one of  
the volumes of which I find a plate  
representing silk worms in the vari-  
ous stages of *muscardine*; the first  
glance at which showed me that it  
was the identical disease of which a  
great portion of the silk worms in  
this country have perished. All  
who saw the disease last summer  
and have seen this plate, identified  
it instantly. I shall endeavor to  
have translations made for the next  
number of the Silk Journal, and if  
possible, shall accompany them with  
a copy of the plate, that all may  
read, see, and judge for themselves.  
In the mean time, however, I have  
thought it advisable in this hasty no-  
tice of the fact, that all silk growers  
may be enabled to apply the *preven-  
tive and remedy*. Happily, the rem-  
edy will do no harm, either to the  
healthy worms or those that may be  
effected with other disease, and is  
cheap and easy applied. The rem-  
edy is a free application of *air slack-  
ed lime* to the worms, and also to the  
floors of the cocoonery, and white  
washing all the wood work of the  
fixtures. The lime should be sifted  
through a fine sieve, on the worm,  
two or three times a week if healthy,  
and once a day if diseased, in the  
morning before the first feeding, and  
after cleaning the hurdles. The  
quantity of lime to be sifted on the  
worms may be just sufficient to whiten  
the worms and leaves well; and it  
should be commenced when the  
worms are half grown—say twelve  
to fifteen days old. This remedy

has, during the past two years, ena-  
bled those persons in France who  
used it, to save and obtain cocoons  
from ninety-seven per cent, of all  
the worms hatched.

Now that we know we have this  
formidable disease among us, it be-  
comes necessary that the remedy  
should be applied; and, as there are  
very few if any, who know the dis-  
ease by sight, I would most earnest-  
ly recommend that the remedy be ap-  
plied in all cases, whether the worms  
are sickly or not; for it is even more  
effective as a preventive than as a  
remedy, and, as before stated, it will  
do no harm to either healthy or sick-  
ly worms.

I consider it fortunate that this  
invaluable information has reached  
me at this particular moment, just  
in time to be of immense service to  
us in this our day of ordeal. Fur-  
ther particulars of the disease and  
the remedy will be published in the  
forthcoming and subsequent num-  
bers of the Silk Journal.

GIDEON B. SMITH.  
Editor of the Silk Journal Balt. Md.

REMARKS OF THE GENERAL PRIN-  
CIPLES OF HUSBANDRY.—1. What  
ever may be the nature of your soil,  
and situation of your farm, remem-  
ber that there is no soil so good but  
it may be exhausted and ruined by  
bad tillage, and that there is none so  
bad that it cannot be rendered fer-  
tile by good tillage, even barren  
heath, if it can be ploughed and  
swarded.

2. The true art of husbandry con-  
sists in suffering no crop to grow up  
on your land that will so far exhaust  
your soil as to lessen the value of  
your succeeding crop, whatever  
profit such crop may afford you.

3. To avoid this, suffer no crop  
to grow two years successively, up-  
on the same piece of ground, excep-  
ting grass and buckwheat, without  
the fertilizing aid of rich manures to  
support the strength of the soil, and  
even then, a change of crops will  
generally do best excepting onions,  
carrots, and hemp.

4. Every plant derives from the  
earth for its growth, such properties  
as are peculiar to itself; any plant,  
when followed successively for two  
or more years upon the same ground  
will exhaust the soil of these prop-  
erties peculiar to itself, without les-  
ening its powers to produce some  
other plants. The fact is most strik-  
ing the article of flax, which will not  
bear to be repeated more than once  
in seven years and is common to all  
crops, with the exception of those  
noticed above.

5. To avoid this evil, arrange  
your farms in such divisions as will  
enable you to improve all the varie-  
ties of crops your land may require,  
in such regular succession, as to  
form a routine of five, six or seven  
years, according to the nature, qual-  
ity and situation of your farm.

6. This method will make poor  
land good, and good better. Try  
and see.—Farmer's Cabinet.

THE TWO FARMERS.

Farmer Simple lived on a moun-  
tain which afforded excellent pastur-  
age for cattle, and in the small val-  
leys he cut an abundance of grass to  
feed them during the winter. The  
soil hard to till, and he could not  
raise grain without great labor.

Farmer grub lived on rich bottom  
land, peculiarly adapted to the pro-  
duction of corn. He could raise on  
an acre twice as much as his neigh-  
bor Simple, and with less labor.

The neighbors lived for many  
years in great comfort and harmony  
Simple exchanging his cattle for  
Grub's corn, and both were getting  
rich.

One day Farmer Simple said to  
his boys, (and he had four of them),  
"I have been thinking it would be  
better for us to make our own corn  
and save the cattle we now give for  
it. We shall then have a plenty of  
work and be more independent."

"Father," said John, "I think we  
should have harder work and get  
less for it."

"How so says Simple.

"A good cow is worth \$24, and  
corn is worth 80 cents a bushel.—  
For one cow we can get 30 bushels  
of corn on our hard land. For those  
two cows neighbor Grub will give  
us 60 bushels."

"Never mind," said the old gen-  
tleman. "I don't like to be de-  
pendent on my neighbors; I am in  
favor of 'home industry.'"

"So I am father," said John, "but  
I want to make home industry as

profitable as possible. If by sell-  
ing cattle to neighbor Grub, we can  
get twice as much corn raised upon  
his land as we can raise with the  
same labor on our own, I think we  
had better stick to raising cattle."

"I don't know how it is," said Sim-  
ple, "but I am in favor of 'home in-  
dustry,' and I intend to petition the  
Legislature to lay a tax of 40 cents  
a bushel on all the corn neighbor  
Grub sells us, that we may be in-  
duced to raise it at home."

"Why don't you give Mr. Grub  
40 cents a bushel more than he asks  
for his corn, which would be bet-  
ter?"

"How, you blockhead, give a man  
more than he asks for a thing.  
"You might as well do it volunta-  
rily as to get the Legislature to com-  
pel you to do it; besides, if it were  
done voluntarily all the money  
would stay among the farmers,  
whereas if it comes in the shape of  
a tax it will be eaten up by the of-  
ficers of government."

"How you talk, John," said the  
old man; "but I am in favor of home  
industry, any how."

So he petitioned the Legislature  
to impose a tax of 40 cents on every  
bushel of corn sold to him by his  
neighbor, making it cost him \$1 20  
instead of 80 cents. But that was  
not sufficient. He still found it  
cheaper to buy corn of his neighbor  
at that high price than to raise it.

Says John to his father one day,  
"don't you see that we have to sell  
three cows now to get as much corn  
as we used to get for two?"

"How so?" said Simple, "I see no  
such thing."

"When corn was at 80 cents a  
bushel two cows at \$21 each would  
buy 60 bushels. Now when corn  
is \$1 20 a bushel, it takes three  
cows at \$24 to pay for 60 bush-  
els."

"That is because the tax is not  
high enough," said Simple, "I'll  
have it raised to eighty cents a bush-  
el, and then we can afford to raise it  
our selves."

Sure enough, he got the Legisla-  
ture to raise the tax to 80 cents, and  
then he could not afford to buy it of  
his neighbor at all. His best pas-  
ture lands were ploughed up to  
raise corn upon the number of his  
cattle was greatly reduced, and  
what he had to sell were no longer  
bought at the same good price; for  
neighbor Grub, not being able to ex-  
change his corn for cattle, or find  
purchasers for it at that high price,  
was compelled to lay down his fields  
in grass and raise his own meat.—  
Farmer Simple and his boys had a  
plenty of 'home industry,' and 'well  
protected' too; but instead of getting  
richer every year, as formerly, un-  
der the system of free trade with his  
neighbor, he could scarcely keep  
his house in repair or get comforta-  
ble clothing for his wife and chil-  
dren.

Farmer Simple was a **TARIFF  
MAN.**  
[Kendall's Expositor.

"Well Patrick," asked the doctor  
how do you do to-day? O dear,  
doctor, I enjoy very bad health, in-  
tensely. When I go to sleep I lay  
awake all night, and my toe is  
swelled as big as a goose's hen's  
egg, so when I stand up I fall down  
down directly.

A GOOD OLD AGE.—On the 15th  
inst., Gen. Andrew Jackson was 74  
years of age. There is yet much  
iron in the bones of the old veteran  
and should we have a war with  
England no doubt his snowy head  
would be seen on the embattled  
plains of New Orleans once more.  
[Free Trader.

The London Chronicle says the  
Queen is not again in an interesting  
situation? Remarkable!

DUNNING.—Mr. S. I have a little demand  
against you, which you will please to pay.

"I can't do it to day, but if you will call  
next week, I'll—tell you when to call again."

One half of the world takes pleasure in  
detraction, and the other half in believing all  
that detraction utters.

MURDER.—A horrible murder was com-  
mitted near Centerville, Georgia, about the  
middle of April, by a man named B. W.  
Murdoch, who some three years since kept  
an oyster cellar in New York. It seems  
that, in company with his victim, whose name  
was Thurmond, and who assisted him in the  
enterprise, he ran away from his creditors in  
Athens, Georgia. When they arrived near  
Centerville, they encamped for the night; and  
here the horrible deed was perpetrated, for  
the sake of about \$400 which Thurmond had  
with him. The body was found buried near  
a log, Murdoch pursued, and a bloody hatchet  
found in his trunk, the blade also covered  
with clay similar to that where the grave was  
dug. He has been committed for trial.



LETTERS FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN.—No. IV.

BY AN AMERICAN LADY.

TANGIER, March 1, 1841.

You see that I am in Morocco—rather than I expected, but here I am—and so bewildered with the multiplicity of curious things that it is impossible for me to find a beginning any where to commence with. I can find no place of departure. The town or city—for it is a city, and a walled one, though it has but four or five thousand inhabitants—never had a beginning itself, so at least I am assured by a Moorish lady who can read and write, and of course is the marvel and admiration of her sex in consequence. The fair and noble Zulica, for she is really both, though not quite so blue as she formerly was, says that Tangier has always been a city, but admits there are no private buildings now standing more than five hundred years old. The new castle, she says, has been ten centuries, roll by; after that computation, I cannot pretend to say what lapse of time would constitute a claim to the term old. Whether it be in second childhood I will not undertake to decide, but there is nothing like this place in our New World; neither resemblance nor contrast can I find when I wish to give you an idea of a Moorish city or its inhabitants.

Tangier is a well-fortified place, all things considered; the walls are well built and cannot be not wanting, but whether they are fit for service or efficiently manned is quite another affair. It is beautifully situated at the head of the deep bay, and at this season the bold hills which surround it are clothed in green, forming a delightful contrast with the white walls and towers of the city as it rises in from the bay. The general appearance, then, is much more possessing than Gibraltar; nor do I believe there is any city of the same size in America that presents to the approaching spectator a more inviting aspect. We bailed this fair promise with rapture; but even before our entrance within the walls dispelled the illusion, we were made to feel how far we were from our own dear land, where the law of the State and the courage of her arms are found sufficient defence. We left Gibraltar on Monday, and I just tell what Monday of the year—on a boat that plies regularly between the Rock and Tangier under the protection of the Consul of Sardinia. Our Captain an excellent man but a little timid, put back to Gibraltar after making four or five miles in a many hours against a head wind. I had made up my mind so decidedly to sleep in Africa that night, that I almost regretted changing the hope for the splendid drawing-room and delightful society of the Consulate. And I must add my wife while on the subject, to the general esteem, which our Consul there is regarded by his countrymen. His urbane and princely hospitality knows no stint; the emoluments of his office could never maintain it, unaided by his noble private fortune. His lady, too, is one of the most agreeable women that has ever been called to do the honors of our flag in the Mediterranean. By every acquaintance, from the dild aristocracy of England to the lowest citizen, she is universally beloved. Some one said in the presence of the Interpreter of the American Consulate here, that Mrs. S. was a "fine lady." Peter exclaimed the words in something like a dissenting tone. We all looked our surprise. "A fine lady?" said he. "No, sir, Mr. Sprague is a fine gentleman, and his son too is a very fine gentleman, and every body says so; but Mrs. S. is not like any other lady—she is an angel." As Peter would defend this particular opinion to the death, instead of interfering with it we will once more turn ourselves to our good ship with the interminable name, and two masts and a half like a barque, that was to take us to Africa. The second effort was successful, the straits were soon gained, and we enjoyed in the clear bright day a charming prospect. On our right was Europe, on the left Africa, and both distinctly in view. Both shores presented a verdant and picturesque range of hills—mountains is a better word—varying every moment their features as we sailed by. There was little signs of cultivation on the Moorish Coast, though the deep recesses of these mountains shelter a numerous and hardy population of shepherds, husbandmen or robbers, according to circumstances; that is, they work when they must, and rob when they can. The Spanish side is more varied, a village or a country house occasionally appears, still it is scarcely more interesting or more accurate than the opposite shore. It is surprising to observe the entire difference of religion, customs and social character between nations only separated by fifteen miles of water. One would suppose that centuries of war, conquest and possession must have left the impress of similarity, if not of good will, but it is not so. Such traces as remain are faint and altogether physical; in Spain, ruined palaces show the Moor has dwelt there—here, massive but crumbling towers show how hardly won and briefly kept was Christian rule. One of the points that command the Bay of Tangier is crowned by one of those towers that both Moore and Christian wasted so much blood to build on the enemy's soil, while every means of rend prosperity at home was neglected. It was held by a few soldiers as a kind of outpost, but in of no great account in any way.

It was nearly sunset when we anchored

felt lost the gates should be closed before we could have our passports and bill of health examined; for there is no passing them after they are shut up at night until they are opened next morning. As we had letters to the American Consul, who is in good esteem with the authorities here, our Captain encouraged a hope that the necessary formalities would be hurried through in time for us to land, though the sun was just dipping below the horizon. We hurried into a smaller boat and were rowed within a few yards of the beach, when she grounded on the sand. In an instant half a dozen wild looking men rushed through the water, and possessing themselves of us almost whether we would or no, conveyed us safely to the dry ground. Fortunately we there found Sano-Peter, Interpreter to the American Consulate, who took us under his immediate guidance and protection. He seized our papers in virtue of his office, and flourishing them above his head with a most authoritative air, and pronouncing the magic words "Consul Americano," led the way to the gates. The officious crowd fell back, and casting one glance at the white battlemented walls that ranged along the beach and climbed a hill on the right, at the bearded, tufted, bearded Moor that were standing idly between them and the bay—and the boy itself deepening from clear blue to a rich violet in the early sunset—I hastily rushed to follow the party within the gates, for there was no time to lose. A venerable Moor, whose fair complexion and snowy beard were relieved by a superb pair of black eyes, sought to stop us as we entered. Peter interposed, with perfect success. We were, he said, the particular friends of Mr. Carr, the Consul, and could by no means be permitted to remain outside all night; the papers could be seen by the Barbary tomorrow, and in the meantime on his head be the responsibility. The old man seemed to think a permission to enter, given the day after we were in Tangier, would be rather late; but the rights of Consuls are sacredly observed by the Government, and the officers let us pass with—"On your head be it! Without the least hesitation this representative of the Stars and Stripes conducted us through a number of narrow, ill-paved and not too clean passages, running rather and thicker, with a most sovereign contempt of straight lines and right angles, but always between walls that might belong to gardens or not houses; for not a window was to be seen, and the heavy doors with iron rings for knockers, did not seem to open into dwellings. I could not realize we were in the heart of a populous town; rather seemed a labyrinth of petty storerooms, depending on some stronghold that we should presently come to. "Are these dark, six feet wide passages a fair specimen of the streets of Tangier?" I asked of our conductor. "Yes, they are all much the same thing," replied he, stopping as he spoke, at a low massive arch thrown across the street, and this is our consulate. We were ushered into a handsome drawing room, and met as we anticipated a polite reception.

After ten we ascended to the terrace, to take a survey of the place by moonlight; the roofs are made perfectly flat and white, which seem in the imperfect light, the general effect was not unlike an immense irregular pavement of white marble, for the streets were too narrow to show a marked separation of the square masses composing the houses. The dark hills, crowned on the north by a castle, loomed in the land view; while below the walls on the other side calmly slept the sea. Here and there rose the slender flag-staff of some consulate. We looked at our own with a fond pride that I, at least, never felt at home; this building was a little piece of our Country and Government far away among a people who in every thing were aliens to our manners; yet, by the mere force of national honor and good faith, it was a sanctuary and protection to every man and daughter of our Union in the midst of despotism; the children of Freedom are free. The Consulate is, internally at least, managed on the European plan; but Peter occupies a Moorish house, and with him we all obtained comfortable apartments, not a little pleased at finding ourselves at once in a favorable position to study the manners of the country. Mrs. Boyd, a fair, quiet Genevese, must have thought herself taken by storm such an intrusion of talking, drawing, inquiring travellers. Collected in the open court, round which were ranged our dining and bedrooms, we missed a din more than equal to a whole nursery or toilet. Half a dozen languages were not going at once, and projects and plans were started that would take half a moderate life to execute, but all of which were to be accomplished in a few days. Even I, who thought I had forgotten the feeling, was as happy as a child—not for a long time, certainly, but the briefest term of joy in this world is something to be thankful for. There is I am aware, danger and disappointment before me, but it cannot be much more serious than I have already seen; and half my task I hold done when I am here in health and safety. They talk of impossibilities; I don't believe in them—at least in this case; that which has been done once, may be done again under like circumstances. I have no evil purpose, and why should I fear the suspicious scrutiny of the people? My apartment was a long room with a large double door opening into the court, which served also for a window, for there was no other. It was neatly furnished as the family are Christians. It is paved,

may, perhaps, have suggested the form of the wooden blocks used in the new style of street pavements lately tried in New York. These blocks, however, were covered with a coat of mud of the country, and altogether, I find my situation so pleasant and commodious as can be desired. Whether my neighbors are as well accommodated, you shall hear in due season.

JOSEPHINE.

FORT WAYNE SENTINEL.



We are authorized to announce M. C. WILKES as a candidate to represent Allen County in the lower House of the next Legislature.

We are requested to announce DAVID H. COLLETT, Esq., as a candidate to represent the county of Allen in the lower House of the next Legislature.

We are authorized to announce LOUIS B. BAYLESS as a candidate to represent the county of Allen, in the lower House of the next Legislature.

We are authorized to announce MORRISON RULON as a candidate to represent the counties of Adams and Wayne, in the lower House of the next Legislature.

We are authorized to announce JOSEPH S. CLEAR, as a candidate to represent the County of Allen, Adams, Huntington and Wells, in the State Senate.

We are requested to insert the name of CHAS. W. EWING, as a candidate for the State Senate, to represent the district composed of the counties of Allen, Adams, Wells and Huntington.

We are authorized to announce GEORGE F. WRIGHT, as a candidate for Treasurer of Allen County.

We are authorized to announce S. M. BLACK as a candidate for County Assessor, at the next election.

We are authorized to announce JARED DARRON, as a candidate to represent the counties of Huntington, Wells and Blackford, in the lower House of the next Legislature.

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1841.

AGRICULTURAL MEETING.

It will be such by our paper to-day that a meeting of the citizens of the county is called for the purpose of forming an Agricultural Society. Similar efforts in several other counties in the state have been crowned with the most complete success, and we see no good reason why Allen should not follow the example. We sincerely hope no pains will be spared to make the meeting a full one. Let as many attend as possible from all the towns, and by all means do not fail having a few at least from each.

There is nothing at this time of as much importance as agriculture; for upon the products of the soil alone, depends the ultimate redemption of Indiana. Then every individual who has an acre of land should turn his attention to the most profitable manner of cultivating it. Societies should be formed in every county in the state, for mutual consultation and improvement, and a State Convention held annually for instruction to all.

With naturally the most fertile soil of any State in the Union, and with inferior cultivation, at the present time, producing more grain than any other, we have good reasons to believe, that with the same attention that is given the subject in other states, Indiana will stand in a very few years, preeminently higher in an agricultural point of view, than any of her sister states.

TROUBLE IN THE WIGWAM.

It appears the new collectors of the "reform" party has appointed a set of drunken "pipe purrs" as officers in the Custom House at Philadelphia, and the people are up in arms about it. A large meeting of the citizens was held on the evening of the 6th inst. at Southwark Hall, and several strong resolutions of disapprobation passed. The Temperance people have also taken up the matter, and the Rev. Mr. Chambers of that city delivered an address on the 3d inst. in reference to the outrage done monthly by appointing persons of such intemperate habits. This is a pretty severe business for those claps, as some of them probably contracted the habit of drinking to excess, by guzzling "hard cider" last fall "for the good of the party," and now to be proscribed for it by temperance men, who then admired their drinking propensities (or some of them at least) is a gross insult to "hard cider" whiggery.

MILITARY ELECTION.—At no election held by the new Infantry.

"Wayne Guards" about to be started in this City, the following persons were elected, viz:

- S. C. Freeman, Captain,
- H. Radcliff, 1st. Lieutenant,
- B. H. Stevens, 2d. do.
- P. Runyon, Ensign,
- R. McMillan, 1st. Sergeant,
- B. M. Oliver, 2d. do.
- J. B. Coanbur, 3d. do.
- H. Francis Avalon, 4th. do.
- H. T. Devey, 1st. Corporal,
- R. Chute, 2d. do.
- S. M. Black, 3d. do.
- E. Stephens, 4th. do.
- Peter Kiser, Standard Bearer.
- F. P. Randall, Clerk.

Senator White of this State was in town last week on his way to the extra session. It is said he put a large fleet in some of the office seekers' cars, before he left here. We noticed they hung their heads a little one side, like a pig that had been doped, but we were not at the time altogether satisfied what the cause was.

at Peru, Miami County, waiting for trial for murder. The prisoner consisted of a fat man and an intemperate one. The difficulty which caused the murder is said to have originated from an engagement of marriage between a daughter of the father and the person murdered, which had been broken up by the family. The daughter was subsequently engaged to be married to the person alleged to above, which caused the difficulty that cost the original lover his life. The names of the parties we have not been able to learn, but they are said to be persons of not very high character.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

200,000 Bushels Corn, 300,000 Bushels Oats, 500,000 Bushels Potatoes and any quantity of cash for which the most approved credit will be given. But seriously, our town is entirely destitute of corn, oats, and potatoes and has been for several days. Farmers now is your time, to bring out your articles of necessity and get a fair price.

Mr. Biddle's Letter of resignation as President of the U. S. Bank.—As the false covering is now being taken off of that corrupt institution, it may not be out of place to give Mr. Biddle's letter of resignation; which will doubtless be a source of particular gratification to those who have been doped by his villainy or his great want of that financial knowledge which his partisan friends have so zealously endeavored to gain him credit for. The stock of this bank of perfection which he left in such a State of "great prosperity" two years ago, is now worth \$17 on the hundred.

To the Board of Directors of the Bank of the United States.

GENTLEMEN—I execute a purpose which as you are aware, I have long meditated, and which I intimated to the stockholders at their first meeting under the new charter: that of retiring from the direction of the bank. It is now more than twenty years since I entered its service. They have been years of intense labor, and they have earned for me a right to claim a relaxation and repose which approaching age and precarious health require. I have waited anxiously for this appropriate moment at which I could be discharged, but hitherto, whenever I have sought the retirement I so much needed, some difficulty in which my services were deemed useful, always intervened to detain me. None such exist now. All the political dissensions connected with the Bank for the last ten years have ceased; all its extraordinary efforts for the protection of our national interest are happily ended; and the Bank has returned to its accustomed channel of business in peace. I can therefore withdraw at length without inconvenience, and I do so more readily because I leave the affairs of the institution in a state of great prosperity, and in the hands of able directors and officers.

This separation from friends with whom I have so long and so agreeably associated, is among the most painful acts of my life; and I pray you to accept at parting, any sincere wishes for the personal welfare of you all.

N. BIDDLE, President.

Philadelphia, March 29, 1839.

The Steam Ship President is supposed to have been lost. Fortunately she had but few passengers on board.

PRR.—New York city has been visited by a most calamitous fire. Loss estimated at about \$300,000. Mostly insured.

POST NOTES.

The Morris Canal Company, has issued Post Notes payable in twelve months from date. The swindling concern, not satisfied yet with its shabby operations, now proposes as a currency, its own notes payable in a year, when its stock is worth little or nothing. The officers of that concern must have the impudence of the devil.

We learn that the Miami Indians met at the Falls of the Wabash, on the 18th inst. for the purpose of deciding whether they would support of the amendments made by the United States Senate to their late treaty or not. The amendments were submitted by Gen. Millroy and Allen Hamilton, and after having been satisfactorily explained they gave their consent to them. So that now all that is required to complete it is the President's proclamation.

VIRGINIA ELECTIONS.—Of the twenty one members of Congress elected from this State, there will be but seven that will vote for a National Bank.

OUR PAPER.

Always on hand, but this week we are a little out of joint. Our paper did not arrive in time and we sent to Lafayette for a supply. It will be seen that it is not just the article we generally furnish our subscribers with. Same next week.

KENTUCKY ELECTION.—The delegation in Congress stands the same as last year, 11 whigs, 2 democrats. In the Louisville district however, the democrats with the aid of some whig defectors, the whig nominee, which they also claim a triumph. It should turn as the democratic triumph did here four years ago, when Karidon was elected, we are inclined to think the democrats of Louisville will not be anxious to achieve a second victory of the kind. Yet we do not believe there is not another as hostilities and ungratified a wretch in "chastisement as this same O. Israel Harrison.

PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY EVE. POST.

We neglected to notice last week the improved appearance of this truly valuable newspaper. It comes to us in a new dress, greatly enlarged and is furnished at \$2 per annum in advance. It is in cheap and most excellent family paper, and the oldest weekly published at Philadelphia.

Will our neighbors over the way be so prompt to discharge the public in regard to Gen. Jackson's involvement, by publishing the Gazette, or Major's Doubtful, on the subject, as he was in the public of the old patriots' approval and fortune with Practice for authority. We will not.

COST OF FOLLY.—Fanny Plaster's husband of New Orleans drew \$6,000 to the house. She was polio with twice, a \$1,500 bracelet, and many other valuable presents, so that the gross receipts are estimated at \$10,000.

A present went into a large city, and among other objects that struck the fancy was a ring by a blacksmith, where he saw people go out and in, without getting any goods except, as in other shops. He ventured to enter and ask the fellow what he sold there. "A blacksmith's work," said the fellow. "What a business you must have!" said the fellow, "I see you have but one left."

Some robbers having broken into a gentleman's house, went to the bed of his servant and told him if he moved he was a dead man. "That's a lie," said he, "for I can't move unless I be alive."

The recent election in Cincinnati turned on the question of Slavery or no Slavery. The Whig ticket succeeded.—Sedra Gazette.

Western Strains.—The Cincinnati Stock and Bond Exchange has just received advices from New York on the 19th inst. 2220 Ohio stock for 1850, at 77; nine thousand dollars Illinois 54 for 1870, 48.

A Fair Examination.—I am instructed to inform you that Mr. Brown expects the money to import a vessel from an important creditor in a dilatory doctor. "Well, if he don't get it, tell him to keep on expecting!" was the cool reply.

We declined to see little boys smoking cigars and chewing tobacco; it looks as if they were in a hurry to make fools of themselves.

The Music Note.—A Kentucky lady lately observed: "When I go to the theatre, I am very anxious of my dress, as the audience are so attentive to the play to observe my wardrobe; but when I go to church, I am very particular to my outward appearance, as most people go there to see how their neighbors dress and depart themselves."

The family of the pig has produced two great authors—Lord Bacon and James Hogg. And a third—Sir Roger Bacon.—N. Y. Signal.

And one who went before all these—Mr. Ham.—Register Post.

We recieve of a Communication too late for insertion this week, in reply to an article published by us last week, taken from the Liberator. We shall lay it before our readers as soon as possible; but shall consider it our duty as well as privilege to make such comments as we may think proper.

New Orleans April.—DANIEL CONWAY R. R. An elderly and very gentlemanly man from Kentucky was knocked down and rubbed in one of the streets in the upper part of the city on Sunday last, about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, by a couple of ruffians. On arriving at an unexplained death, when he person was in sight, the gentlemen were knocked down and his wallet, containing some \$100 in Kentucky money and gold, notably taken from his pocket. —Fictitious.

Fancy Names.—Mr. Wall, wishing to cure a patient of his neighbor, Mr. Brown, named in the Liberator, a Mr. Post, who had been named Green, out of respect for the physician, who bore that name. A Mr. Ball named as a common, after his name. The result of all this display of fancy names was a Stone Wall, Great Fence and Cannon Ball.

The career of windmills.—There are few employments in life, however humble to which a certain degree of importance is not attached by one or other. Of this truth we were convinced yesterday. Passing through Royal street we saw a fellow engaged in the scientific work of wind-milling. His horse jiggled and reeled as if he had got the black-stagger; his saw ground as its teeth had been operated on by a dentist, and his clothes shook about him like the bells of a Turkish jingling jony. Two brothers of the jaw stood on either side of him a kind of stand-at-ease position, with their hands hung over their shoulders like the lamps of wandering minstrels. They seemed to regard the efforts of the active man and the trial with mingled feelings of pity and professional contempt. One of them at length broke silence and addressing the other said, pointing to the wind-mill wood-sawyer: "How difficult it is to learn our business, Bill, isn't it?"

"Can't never be done, Jim, no how," says Bill, "I'm in this fellow goes to it young and has an extraordinary genius."

"I've learned, my, as many as twenty to try it myself," says Jim, "but it was a complete failure—the go. They were all obliged to turn to some less scientific business such as watchmaking or the like."

"Then that there's the reason," says Bill, "that our business is like banking—there's nobody in it. Why if every fellow, such as broken speculators and unbusinesslike out of employment, could take up the saw, the business would 'n't be worth a feller's."

"Well, I pity a feller," continues Jim, "like this here man what's a sawin', who seems anxious to succeed but hasn't the ability. Do you think he will ever come to any thing?"

"No," replied the other, "it ain't in his nature. He may do very well on pine wood where it hasn't got no knots, but he never can succeed at live oak or hickory. The housewives is, that he can never arrive at the top of his profession as how he can fix it."

ANOTHER GREAT ROW IN THE U. S. BANK.

The stockholders of this institution have recently held another meeting. They continue to expose the most astounding frauds. Mr. Lippencott has replied to Mr. Biddle with great severity, charging him directly with swindling and hitting pretty broadly, with a deeper character. A part of the banks have already been DESTROYED to prevent detection. Mr. Lippencott says:

"It is not surprising that while I was so busy with the committee on the state of the bank, those vouchers for monies drawn out where not exhibited to me, when I state that the investigating committee, in their critical and arduous examination, learned with astonishment from the clerk, in whose possession they ought to have been, THAT THEY HAD BEEN DESTROYED."

SEVEN MILLIONS, it is supposed, have been spent in ELECTIONEERING LOANS, and a Philadelphia paper says, that the SIX HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS, about which there is so much enquiry has been made, was sent to Ohio pledged for 20,000 pipe whigs to carry this State full for the whigs. Think of that.—Ohio Statesman.

to the Detroit Daily Advertiser, which shows the gratifying fact that Indiana stands foremost in the agricultural list. What, the Hoosier State produce more corn, oats, barley, &c. than any other State in the Union? Who would have thought it? Where are your great brag States, New York, Ohio, and Pennsylvania? Echo answers where?

From the Detroit Advertiser.

Product of Hurdships in the United States.—We have received the returns of the Agricultural Products of the United States, compiled from 1838 to 1840, with the exception of two States and two territories. The aggregate is astonishingly large, and will be viewed with gratification. It exhibits the growing wealth of our country. It will be seen that Michigan takes a prominent rank among the producing States, and distances most of them, when our population is considered.

State or Territory.	Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Corn.	Rye.	Potatoes.
Maine	818,103	2,330,995				
New Hampshire	442,954	1,084,854				
Vermont	912,954	4,081,618				
Massachusetts	153,823	3,004,082				
Rhode Island	3,838	297,056				
Connecticut	68,080	3,085,175				
New York	11,363,907	29,545,501				
New Jersey	774,023	6,922,043				
Pennsylvania	18,030,756	40,180,021				
Delaware	218,105	3,006,703				
Maryland	2,611,413	12,777,180				
Virginia	10,004,009	50,064,526				
South Carolina	605,725	10,225,312				
Georgia	1,739,935	18,703,210				
Florida	10,214,270	45,771,116				
Louisiana	2,417,372	49,544,443				
Alabama	105	6,002,808				
Mississippi	749,160	10,145,377				
Arkansas	1,500,076	13,000,940				
Indiana	4,154,000	54,008,560				
Illinois	2,240,380	28,354,932				
Michigan	2,189,363	6,182,028				
Wisconsin	112,900	4,061,717				
Iowa Territory	157,737	1,659,250				
District of Columbia	12,147	69,717				
Bushels	66,953,947	412,778,876				
Whole number of bushels of potatoes raised		102,459,320				

There are no returns from North Carolina, Kentucky, Florida and Wisconsin. When we receive them, we shall give them.

RECAPITULATION.

Bushels of Wheat	66,953,947
Other grain	419,778,876
Potatoes	102,459,320
Bushels	638,326,744
Estimated for Kentucky, N. Carolina, &c.	70,000,000
Bushels	668,426,744
Over 38 bushels of bread for every inhabitant of the United States. Of various kinds of grain, we find the following:	
Wheat bushels	60,089,947
Corn	297,562,210
Rye	17,082,102
Buckwheat	6,930,929
Barley	3,540,937
Potatoes	102,459,320
Oats	54,061,363
For Kentucky, N. Carolina, Wisconsin Territory &c. any	30,000,000
(of all kinds)	70,000,000
Bushels	668,426,744

During the long discussion in England on the subject of the Corn Law, the necessary quantity of grain required to find an individual with bread has been clearly investigated, and it is estimated, that the average consumption, including young and old, is about five bushels to a person, including all kinds of grain.

Admitting this estimate to be correct, and putting the population of the United States at sixteen millions, we have a surplus of 33 bushels to an inhabitant. Perhaps one half of the Corn, most of the Wheat and Buckwheat, and three quarters of the Rye is used for bread; and the remainder of the Rye, and a large part of the Corn is manufactured into Whiskey, or used in fattening Pork. We deduct the barley for the brewers, and the Corn for stock, although in the western countries of England, barley is used for bread, and in Scotland, Oatmeal is in general use, and we find the resources of the United States will stand as follows.

Wheat	358,089,947
Buckwheat	6,930,929
Potatoes	102,459,320
Corn	145,000,000
Rye	12,900,000
For Kentucky, N. Carolina, Wisconsin Territory &c. any	30,000,000
Bushels	368,020,802
Over 22 bushels to an inhabitant!	

MEMOR.—A duel was fought at New Orleans, on the 20th ult., between Mr. Turgeon, a son of the military public of that name and Mr. Talley, of Martinique. They fought with small awards, and both exhibited much grace and agility in their efforts to murder each other. Mr. Talley was successful, and after a few passes, thrust his antagonist through the body. He then calmly wiped his sword, and with a smile of self-gratification, left the field of blood.

To the Editors of the Journal of Commerce.—In Saturday's paper you mention that if Mr. Biddle would tell what his terms of the \$818,000, he would relieve the currency of thousands.

Remember, which is sometimes right, has informed that the second was scattered about Har, wishing, when the State Charter was obtained, —New York.

We were unfortunally mistaken yesterday that the bank-keeper of the bank of Leitch, has abandoned. The receiving teller has disappeared, but the bank-keeper is still in this city. —N. O. Bee.

NEPHEW'S TRANSACTOR.—At the command of Com. Charles Stewart, the guns which were fired yesterday at the Navy Yard, were examined, in firing, and found to contain several grains of shot, supposed to have been the cause of the loading. It is not known when in time, there is no telling the number of human beings that would have been launched into eternity.—Philad. Gaz.

We are gratified to learn that an effort will be made at the present session of our Legislature, to make seduction and adultery capital offenses, punishable by imprisonment.—Buff. Rep. Let it be done.













**1841**  
**OPPOSITION!**  
The Good Intent Line of Packet & Freight Boats  
Will commence running regularly from Lafayette to the State Line, in a few days. Passengers traveling by this line will not be subjected to the usual delay and expense of the old mode of travel.

**1841**  
**Wabash & Erie**  
TRANSPORTATION CO.  
THE SUBSCRIBERS will commence running at the opening of navigation on the Wabash and Erie Canal, a DAILY LINE of Boats for passengers and freight from Lafayette, Indiana, to a point in Ohio, six days beyond the Indiana State Line, making 145 miles.

**1841**  
**Land Ho!**  
THE SUBSCRIBER has some valuable unimproved land, situated about 10 miles from the city of Lafayette, in the county of Allen, Adams, De Kalb and White, which will be sold for cash. The land has some fine timber in the Territory of Iowa, which will sell cheap, or exchange for lands in Indiana.

**Medical Notice.**  
BEVERLY, Doctor of Medicine, Surgery and Accouchement, in Berlin, in Prussia, who has already practiced 20 years with great success at the University of Bonn, in Germany, will, in connection with him, prepare the medicines, and by the preparation of them, offer chemical analysis to the public. He will also examine the urine, and by the examination of it, will give the patient the best advice.

**DENNISON HOUSE**  
CORNER OF MAIN AND FIFTH STREETS, CINCINNATI.  
The SUBSCRIBER, having acquired this property, and intending to continue for a term of years, to return thanks to his numerous friends and a generous public for the liberal patronage he has heretofore received, he has determined to sell the property at a low price, and to continue from day to day, until all are sold.

**PUBLIC SALE.**  
THE undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of Stephen C. Edwards, will sell for sale on the 24th inst. at his residence, all the personal property of said deceased. Terms a credit of three months with interest upon three dollars, to the purchaser giving approved security. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock and to continue from day to day, until all are sold.

**Call and Settle.**  
All persons indebted to the late firm of Thompson, Sturge & Co., are earnestly requested to call and settle their accounts by the 1st inst. of the month of March. The above firm has been dissolved for some time, it is necessary that the business should be settled. The books are in the hands of Thompson and Sturge, next door to Campbell & Scott's store; all interest will please attend to the above.

**Cabinet Furniture.**  
THE SUBSCRIBER has a large stock of Cabinet Furniture, including a large quantity of the latest styles of Chairs, Sofas, and Beds, which will be sold at a low price.

**Jew Davids**  
HEBREW PLASTER.  
THIS Plaster, obtained of an old Jew by a Londoner, is the best of its kind, and is of immense value in the Western world. Since this Plaster was first introduced into America, it has been found to be the best of its kind, and is now being used by all the leading physicians of the West.

**The Resurrection**  
PERSIAN PILLS.  
These pills raise from the greatest weakness, diarrhea and suffering, to a state of strength, health and vigor. The name of these pills is well known to all who have used them, and they are now being used by all the leading physicians of the West.

**LADIE'S COMPANION.**  
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.  
Published in the city of New York, by W. W. Swanwick, established in 1834. It contains a variety of interesting and useful articles, and is a valuable addition to the library of every lady.

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**FAMILY NEWSPAPER**  
IN THE WORLD.  
ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, WHEN SUBSCRIBED FOR IN CLIPS OF 10 OR MORE.

**ALEXANDER'S WEEKLY MESSENGER**  
will be improved in its appearance at the beginning of the next volume, in January, 1841. The publisher has made such arrangements as to justify him in announcing to the public, that this paper will be improved in its appearance, and will be published at a low price.

**OVER THIRTY THOUSAND**  
The immense circulation that has been reached by the Weekly Messenger, during the four years since its commencement, are a proof to all eyes, that no paper has ever been distributed to so many of the people of the West.

**FOR FIFTEEN SUBSCRIBERS.**  
Any agent or Postmaster who shall forward to our office fifteen subscribers, will be entitled to five copies of the Messenger for one year, and of the rest of the following works:

**THE**  
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**BROTHER JONATHAN.**  
The largest and most beautiful Newspaper in the World. Larger by fifty square inches than any other newspaper in the United States.

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The largest and most beautiful Newspaper in the World. Larger by fifty square inches than any other newspaper in the United States.

**Saturday Evening Post.**  
Prospectus of a New Volume.  
The SATURDAY EVENING POST is a weekly paper, published in New York, and is a valuable addition to the library of every man.

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**COPPER TIN AND SHEET IRON MANUFACTORY.**  
Corner of Columbia and Clinton Streets.

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**DOCTORS THOMPSON & STURGIS.**  
SPECIALTY: They will continue the practice of MEDICINE & SURGERY in all their various branches. Office at the corner of Campbell and Scott's, and nearly opposite the store of J. G. & R. F. Jones.

**BOAT BUILDING.**  
THE undersigned would respectfully inform the public, that he is engaged in the business of building boats, and is now building a large boat, which will be ready for sale in a few days.

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# 1841

## OPPOSITION!

The Good Intent line of Packet & Freight Boats

WILL commence running regularly from Lafayette to the State Line, in a few days. Passengers travelling by this line will meet with every attention that can be given to their comfort.

Freight of all descriptions will be conveyed to the different points on the Canal at prices sufficiently low to assure the public that this line is not got up to carry on the exterior so long practiced by the old line. It is hoped the public will not forget that this line is intended to step between their purse and the barefooted exterior that has already commenced with the starting of the old monopoly line.

For the proprietors WM. D. MAHON, agent. N. B. We will not promise too much, and not fulfill half of it; but promise less than we mean to perform. Passengers by this line will meet with the same opportunities of conveyance on the Mamee as by the other Lines as the River Boats vary from two to three days in their passage up, according to the stage of the River.

April 22, 1841.

1841.

Wabash & Erie

TRANSPORTATION CO.

THE SUBSCRIBERS will commence running at the opening of navigation on the Wabash and Erie Canal, a DAILY LINE of Boats for passengers and freight from Lafayette, Indiana, to a point in Ohio, 6 miles beyond the Indiana State line; making 146 miles.

The Boats will meet NEIL, MOORE, & Co's. Line of Stages at the termination of the Canal in Ohio, which they will continue to run in their usual good style to the Lake. Also an excellent line of Boats on the Mamee River will be regularly running from the same place to the Lake for the purpose of carrying goods and passengers.

Steamboats and Stages are running in all directions from Lafayette, and Stages running North and South from Logansport, which will afford every facility to travellers that can be required and far exceeding any previous arrangement.

Fare will be reduced so as to meet the expectations of a generous public.

SAM'L MAHON, L. G. THOMPSON, F. COMPARET, T. K. BRACKENRIDGE.

Fort Wayne, April 30th, 1841.

1841.

LAND HO!

THE Subscriber has some valuable unimproved land, selected at an early day & with care, as to location; situated in the counties of Allen, Adams, De Kalb and Wabash, which will be sold low for cash. He also has some lands in the Territory of Iowa, which he will sell cheap, or exchange for lands in Indiana.

Fort Wayne, Jan. 30th, 1841.

1841.

Medical Notice.

SEVENEIK, Doctor of Medicine, Surgery and accouchement, promoted at Berlin, in Prussia, who has already practiced 20 years with great success at Munster, Westphalia, respectfully informs the public that he intends to continue practicing in all the branches of Medicine, Surgery and accouchement, in Fort Wayne and vicinity. He will convince those who favor him with their patronage, by facts of his thorough and well grounded knowledge of the above sciences.

F. Kalkhoff, an experienced Apothecary, who studied at and was graduated by the University of Bonn, in Germany, will, in combination with him, prepare the medicines, and by the preparation of many other chemical subjects convince the public of his abilities. Both dwell at Mr. Furst, Fort Wayne January 1st 1841.

28 c.

NOTICE: I will sell at private sale my Farm in Abbot Township, 4 miles west of the City of Fort Wayne immediately on the Huntington State Road. There are 72 acres improved, 40 acres in clover and timothy and an Apple Orchard of 70 thirty trees. Also a small evergreen farm spring. I will also sell the east half of the North west quarter of Section 12, Township 31, North Range 11 East, containing 80 acres, lying on the Goshen Road, seven miles from Fort Wayne.

TAOMAS VAN ANDA, 40c

March 27, 1841

DENNISON HOUSE.

CORNER OF MAIN AND FIFTH STREET, CINCINNATI.

Entrance on Fifth.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having occupied this central establishment for the past season, and intending to continue for a term of years, begs leave to return thanks to his numerous friends and a generous public for the liberal patronage he has received.

The location of the House is one of the best in the city, being on the highest level, and about equidistant between the river and canal. The view of the city and surrounding country, from observation on this house, is one rarely equalled and never surpassed.

As for accommodations, and all the luxuries of the land, require of my old customers, Bills reasonable—suited to the times. A fine lithograph drawing of the establishment is presented to the public, on a large scale.

JOHN NOBLE, Formerly of Columbus, Ohio.

Cincinnati, Feb. 9—4c.

PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of Stephen C. Leach, deceased, will for sale on the 24th inst. at his late residence, all the personal property of said deceased. Terms a credit of nine months will be given on sales over three dollars, the purchaser giving approved security. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock and to continue from day to day, until all is sold.

CYRUS TABER Executor.

Fort Wayne March 30 1841.

Call and Settle.

ALL persons indebted to the late firm of Thompson, Sturgis, & Lent, are earnestly requested to call and settle their accounts by cash or note; the above firm has been dissolved for some time; it is necessary that the business should be settled. The books are at the office of Thompson and Sturgis, next door to Campbell & Scott's store; all interested will please attend to the above.

Fort Wayne March 30 1841.

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